

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME XVI. No. 6

THE BEACON PRESS, INC., BOSTON, MASS.

NOVEMBER 8, 1925

MINNIE MUSHROOM DOROTHY, THE ELVES AND MINNIE MUSHROOM

By CLARE MACDERMOTT

Minnie Mushroom was staring at her very hard indeed.

MINNIE MUSHROOM lived in a large field in which grew hundreds of her brothers and sisters, for the Mushroom family is a very large one. Her home, which she shared with the rest of the family, was a comfortable one, being a decayed log, well hidden under leaves and moss. Minnie Mushroom first saw the light after a drenching spring rain. She was very small, indeed, so small that she looked like a tiny button which had pushed its way up through the earth over night. However, as time went on, she grew and thrived in the moist soil, until she became the possessor of an umbrella-shaped cap and stem and was quite a grown up Mushroom.

One sunshiny morning, Minnie Mushroom awoke feeling very happy, and gazed at the beautiful field around her. "Oh, how delightful it is to be alive and to be a Mushroom!" she cried.

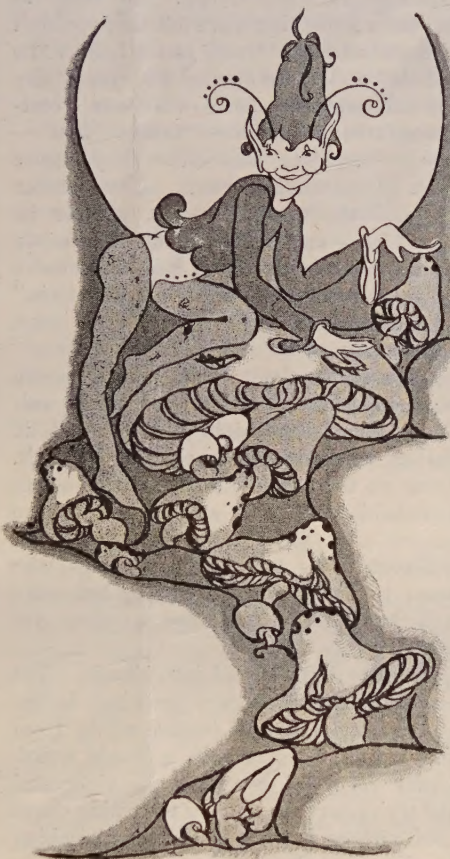
It happened that not far from the field in which Minnie Mushroom grew, lived a little girl called Dorothy. Most of the time Dorothy was a very good little girl indeed, but there were moments when she was disobedient, and, I am sorry to say, times when she also was inclined to be lazy. One day when Dorothy returned from school she asked her mother to let her go and play in the field with her brother John.

"Very well," said her mother, "you may go and play for a little while, but be sure not to stay too long, because you have to study your lessons."

"Oh, no, Mamma, I shall stay only a little while," replied Dorothy, and, delighted to be free, she and her brother John ran down the road to the field in which Minnie Mushroom lived. They soon discovered the log which was the home of Minnie Mushroom and her sisters.

"O John," cried Dorothy, "come and look at these lovely Mushrooms," and she pointed to Minnie Mushroom and two of her sisters. "See these little white marks on the grass around them. They are called fairy rings and are made by the feet of the elves."

"Nonsense!" said John, who was two years older than Dorothy and thought



himself very wise indeed. "These marks you see on the grass are not made by the feet of the elves. Look here!" he cried, pointing to a network of tiny fibers on the moist earth that looked like white felt, "my teacher says these are called spores and are really the seed of the Mushroom."

"I don't care what your teacher says," pouted Dorothy, "these white marks were made by the elves, because—"

Just at this moment, however, a beautiful yellow butterfly fluttered past and John ran after it. Dorothy had brought her skipping rope with her, so she played until she was tired, forgetting all about the promise she had made to her mother. After a while she sat down to rest not far from the spot where the Mushroom family grew. She rubbed her eyes and looked at them. It seemed to her that

"I would like to ask you, Ma'am," began Dorothy, politely—

Just then a strange thing happened—Minnie Mushroom grew blurred before her eyes—and in her place stood a little elf dressed all in lavender. Even his tiny cap, which resembled the top of a Mushroom, was of the same color.

"You are right, Dorothy," he squeaked in a high voice. "Those marks that you saw were made by the feet of elves. I am called Obedience. Obey your mother."

Then without waiting for Dorothy's reply, he disappeared, and another little elf, resembling him, only dressed in red, took his place:

"I am Knowledge, Dorothy," he piped. "Learn your lessons."

"I do," stammered Dorothy; "that is, sometimes—"

Just at this moment the red elf vanished, and a third elf dressed in pink appeared. He too was exactly like the others, Dorothy thought, except that the dewdrops on his tiny pink cap sparkled like jewels.

"Look at me well, Dorothy," he cried in a sweet little voice. "I am called Happiness, the third elf, and I always follow the other two."

Dorothy stretched out her arms. "Oh!" she said, "you are the prettiest of them all. I wish—"

But just at this moment the pink elf faded away and Dorothy was left in the field with Minnie Mushroom and her sisters.

"What became of the elves?" asked Dorothy, but Minnie Mushroom made no reply, and it suddenly seemed to Dorothy that she had been away from home a long time. She ran down the pathway towards the house where her mother met her at the door.

"Mercy!" cried her mother, "where have you been, child? We have been looking everywhere for you and John has been home for an hour."

"Mother!" cried Dorothy happily, "there are elves. I saw them in the field where the Mushrooms grow."

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DAN HOUSTON sat on the broad front steps of the Gregg home and looked off towards the mighty sweep of woods that stretched down into the cuplike valley and ascended in an ever-rising swell of waving tree tops over the distant hills.

"What a woods!" he exclaimed, drawing his breath sharply in between his teeth in a peculiar way he had when stirred. "How far does it extend, Chet?"

Chester Gregg, who sat on the steps beside him, leaning against a column of the wide porch, was a slight, fair-haired boy whose mind at this particular moment was very far away.

"Wake up, Chet," Dan said, giving him a nudge in the ribs; "I'm asking for information. How big is this woods, anyway?"

"Oh, it extends for miles and miles," the other answered and then went on: "Don't you like it at this time of day, Dan, when it is all wrapped up in the dusk? It always seems to me that at this time I can almost see the Indians darting among the trees and hear them giving their war whoops over on the south bank of the Humboldt as they did years and years ago."

Dan's eyes widened. This was his first visit to the Gregg home and he knew little concerning the wooded tract before him save the meager information gleaned from the quiet Chet; but his was an adventurous soul and he was stirred by the thoughts of the old traditions and legends that he knew must be associated with Humboldt woods.

"Sometimes I imagine I can see Timber Jo, too," Chet continued. "I think I see him now in his heavy boots, his coonskin cap, and with an axe swung over his shoulder."

Dan looked at Chet in surprise. The two boys were very good friends, but where Dan was practical Chet was a dreamer, and often the latter allowed his vivid imagination to carry him into scenes and places where Dan could not follow.

"Chet, who was Timber Jo? You've never told me about him."

"He was just like Leather Stocking. He was a white man who was a good woodsman and who spent his life among the Indians. Great-grandfather Gregg was a pioneer out here then and he and Timber Jo were good friends. Once during a terrible storm a tree fell on Timber Jo and crushed both his legs. Great-grandfather found him after he had lain alone for a whole day and night and took him to the log cabin where Great-grandmother took care of him."

Dan's eyes were dancing. He loved the adventurous tales of pioneer days. "Did he get well?" he queried.

"No, he didn't. The exposure was too much for him and he died. Early one morning they buried him on the Indian Mound just a few feet from the spring.

The Turkey's Foot

By Leta Schaefer

They buried him in a sitting position with his face towards the rising sun just as they did the Indians."

"Do you know anything more about him? What was he like?"

"There isn't much more to tell except the mystery of the turkey foot."

The very word "mystery" set Dan's blood to racing and he could scarcely wait for Chet to continue.

"You see, when Timber Jo was so very sick he knew that he wasn't going to get better. He owned the land through here; it was a government grant or something like that. He wanted to leave it to Great-grandfather Gregg. He tried to tell them something more but they couldn't understand him. Once, just a little while before he died, he opened his eyes a tiny bit and said: 'Hiram'—that was Great-grandfather's name—'turkey foot'—hewn—'. That was all. They never have known what he meant. After Timber Jo died the woods came to us, for he didn't leave any relations, but we've never been able to sell a bit of it because we've never been able to give a clear title to it."

"I—I didn't suppose you'd ever want to sell any of it. It's—it's so—"

"We really don't, Dan, but we—we need to! We are what you might call 'land poor.' It might be different if father were able to work, but he isn't. Over on the north side, the woods skirts Humboldt River. We've had a chance to sell that strip along there a dozen different times to wealthy families who want to build summer homes, but none will buy under conditions as they are now."

The two boys lapsed into silence. The woods before them was growing darker and darker. An owl hooted wildly from the top of a giant oak, a loon's weird, lonely cry came up from the river and the whippoorwills and the mourning doves vied with each other in the heartbreaking quality of their vespers.

At length Chet yawned lazily. "Well, Dan, if we are going to try our luck at fishing tomorrow, we had better turn in."

The boys went inside. In a very little while Dan was deep in the sleep of the healthy boy whose mind is no harbor for real or imaginary troubles. But for Chet there was no sleep. He lay looking out at the star-studded heavens, his mind afire with the deep, long thoughts that would not be quieted. The past year had not been an easy one for Chet Gregg. In many respects it had been somewhat of a revelation—revelation of life's grim realities and it had had a somewhat sobering effect upon him. Until a year ago he had been a happy, carefree boy with little thought beyond his own pleasure. In summer he had fished, tramped, camped, and when cool weather arrived he had packed his trunk and gone into

Pepperton, a town some two hundred miles distant, to enter the Military Academy. It was there that he had first met the rollicking Dan and the two had become boon companions. For the past year there had been some doubt of his return to the Academy; but Chet had shown the true metal of which he was made. He had tramped through the woods hunting ginseng plants, and had dug, dried, and sold the precious roots for medicinal purposes; he had fished and sold great strings of shining bass, streakers, or channel cat to less fortunate fishermen; he had climbed the hills and picked wild blackberries until his hands were raw with briar scratches; but it had paid. He had been able to defray a part of his expenses and his father had assisted him. But this year things were even worse. His little, frail mother had been very, very ill and though he and his father had been willing to do all that they could for her, the hospital bills had been staggering and only yesterday Dad had laid his thin, blue-veined hand upon Chet's shoulder and bravely told him the truth. He could not go back to Pepperton again this year. Chet had swallowed hard to hide his disappointment, but he had not yet gathered the courage to tell Dan that he would not be back. In another week Dan would be going, Dan who would be on the football team and who would see Shorty and Chub and—Chet swallowed hard again. At this moment he seemed somewhat akin to the whippoorwills that on the edge of the Humboldt were plaintively expressing heartbreak such as he felt but dared not voice. He must not give up—he must not! He must not let Mother and Dad know of the ache in his heart, and besides there was Dan. This was Dan's first visit to the Gregg home and it must not be spoiled; he had been looking forward to it with such pleasure for three long years.

It was early morning when Chet and

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Dorothy, the Elves and Minnie Mushroom

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"What on earth is the child talking about?" asked her mother. "Dorothy, you have disobeyed me again. Go in and study your lessons and then go to bed."

"Mother!" said John, who came up at this moment, "look at Dorothy's dress. She has been asleep in the field."

"I have not been asleep," wept Dorothy. "Mother, don't make me go to bed. I—"

She was just on the point of telling her mother all about the elves and Minnie Mushroom, when it suddenly occurred to her that it might be wiser to keep her adventure to herself; but as she went upstairs to study her lessons, she made up her mind to profit by the elves' advice and was never after that day known to disobey her mother.

The Tin Trunk in the Wall

By Mabel S. Merrill

CHAPTER II

FROM a dark corner of the kitchen had come the unmistakable sound of sobs, followed by a pitiful "Oh, dear!" in a child's voice. Norris remembered his pocket flashlight and made haste to turn its small beam into that corner. There, huddled up on an old kitchen chair, was a forlorn small girl about eight years old. As the brother and sister had supposed that Great-aunt Sophie lived entirely alone they were puzzled by the sight of the child who sat there blinking at them through her tears.

"Oh, dear!" repeated the little creature, "it is you, isn't it? I was afraid it was and I was afraid it wasn't! I—I mean—I've been so happy all day to think you were coming and now everything is too horrid for words. Aunt Sophie has been in bed since yesterday with one of her dreadful headaches and there isn't a scrap of supper for you—not a scrap!" She uttered the last words in a dismal whisper that made the newcomers burst out laughing.

"Is that all? Well, you've got a good fire and that's the thing we need most," averred Norris. Look here, little girl, who are you anyway—a brownie who does the housework when Aunt Sophie has headaches?"

The forlorn little face brightened into a smile. "I'm Patience Leston, and I guess I'm as much as a fourth cousin to you two. I felt so proud to think I was going to have some real relations! I've come to live with Aunt Sophie because I hadn't any other place. Wait till I've lighted the lamp."

A minute later the kitchen was bright with the rosy glow of a shaded lamp. It was a big, cosy, country kitchen with a fine fire in the cookstove and a round table laid for supper.

"But I burned the roast all up and it was such a mite of a one in the first place," mourned Patience. "Look!" She pointed to the smoking pan she had taken from the oven. "I've never roasted a roast before, but Aunt Sophie couldn't do it and I did so want to be a brownie and have everything nice for you," she said with a wistful smile.

"This meat isn't all spoiled, dear," announced June after a rapid examination. "Get me some potatoes and an onion or two, if you have them, and I'll make a delectable dish out of what's left."

They brought their suitcases from the stranded car and slipped into dry clothes while the supper was cooking. Patience looked perfectly happy when, after a brisk half hour's work, they sat down to

supper in the warm glow from the big stove. June had made a cup of broth for Aunt Sophie and they all went in for a moment to speak to her. She greeted her nephew and niece kindly enough and assured them that she would be all right in the morning. But they could not help seeing that she looked old and tired and discouraged as she lay crumpled down among the pillows. "She is trying to be glad to see us, but she isn't really," was June's silent thought. "We must show her that we're not going to be a burden."

Norris jumped up from the table when he had finished his third helping. "I'm a new man," he announced, "and I'm going to have a look about the house, if you ladies will excuse me."

"Oh, I'm coming too," cried June, following him as he made for the front room. "I can't wait another minute."

Patience ran after them, wondering a little, but supposing that they were merely curious to see the place where they were going to live. Norris went straight to the wall beside the chimney and sent the little beam of his flashlight traveling up and down the wall paper. This must be the very spot where Mrs. Wilmerdene had hidden her tin trunk in the cubby-hole. She had said they would probably have papered right over it and apparently they had. Norris ran his fingers carefully over the paper but there was not a wrinkle or bulge to show where the hidden door might be.

A little later as they started upstairs to the rooms Patience had shown them, Norris said to his sister, "I'm wondering if we'd best tell Aunt Sophie about the tin trunk in the wall and Mrs. Wilmerdene's letter. She wouldn't let us peel off that old wall paper to look for the little door unless we told her why. But I'd like to keep the whole business a secret till we've located the place, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, yes; I feel as if Aunt Sophie would just laugh at us and say we had been fooled by some sort of joke. As if Mrs. Wilmerdene could have been joking! Let's keep quiet and feel that wall all over again tomorrow when Patience isn't around. And I'll ask Aunt Sophie in a casual sort of way if she remembers when Mrs. Wilmerdene lived here."

"Of course she does; Aunt Sophie has spent most of her life in this old house," Norris pointed out.

They asked a few careful questions next morning at breakfast. June first brought the talk artfully around to wall papers, and remarked on the quaint pattern that was on the walls of the front room.

"That paper," said Aunt Sophie, "is the newest in the house. It's only been on there a matter of fifty years."

Norris and June looked at each other in puzzled dismay. Mrs. Wilmerdene had certainly not been born fifty years ago. "Aunt Sophie," cried June, "how long

ago was it that Mrs. Wilmerdene lived in this house? You know whom we mean, the millionaire lady at Oxtan. Let's see, it must have been before she was married. What did her name used to be, Norris?"

"It doesn't matter about her name," declared Aunt Sophie, "because nobody but Lestons ever lived in this house. I ought to know; I've been right here for fifty-five years. Yes, I've heard of your Mrs. Wilmerdene, but she has certainly never lived with me."

They had little time to puzzle over these strange revelations because the forenoon was full of excitement. First there was the surprise of discovering what a beautiful place they were in. The big old house which had looked like a barn as they came up to it in the rain and dark, the night before, was a fine, though somewhat shabby, Colonial mansion at the highest point of this great ridge of land. From every window was a view that delighted them. Eastward they could look across miles of rolling country; to the west a lovely lake shimmered in a green valley; the front windows looked towards a pretty bit of woodland and the back door opened straight into the big orchard.

Norris pointed to the stone wall at the upper end. "Theda Strong, the girl with the pig, must live behind that wall, according to what she told us. I can't see any house, but we can find it if we go and look."

They followed the path through the orchard towards the stone wall. June stopped to exclaim over a great mass of grapevines that had heaped themselves up as high as a house over some lofty rock pile or other support; they could not see what it was, the vines were so dense.

"The grapes are the old-fashioned kind, and not good for much but jelly," observed June; "but isn't that mass of vines a really wonderful sight?"

Norris's answer was cut short by a small, white object which came bouncing against his leg with such force that he lost his balance and fell flat on the grass.

(To be continued)

Three Frisky Babies

Three baby elephants, says *The Youth's Companion*, broke loose in Philadelphia the other morning and, attracted by the odor of cooking, headed toward a dwellinghouse. As they couldn't open the gate, one of them smashed the fence. A woman who was preparing breakfast ran to the window, gave one look, gathered her three children and climbed to the roof of the house. The elephants entered the kitchen and took the back door with them. One of them burnt his trunk on the stove and then seized it by one leg and tried to swing it round his head. The other wrecked the ice box and a chair or two, and then they all went out.

THE BEACON

VIRGINIA REYNOLDS, EDITOR
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Book Week

This is the week that has been called the week for books — but what week can be without them! If it were not for the great books which have been written for centuries by wise men, to tell us the story of the past, of the customs, the government, the art and religion, and of the thought and ideals behind the whole social system, each generation would have to experiment with such things and derive its own laws of life. And how many thousands of times would the same mistakes and failures be repeated! Mechanical devices might be handed down — but the use of them forgotten; the laws of right conduct might be given from father to son — but the reasons for these laws might become obscured or lost altogether. How little can one man know or tell another!

The greatest of men is not sufficient unto himself. He must share the knowledge of his fellows and of those that have gone before. Christ himself read with the elders, built on the wisdom of the Prophets before him, and quoted the old Jewish Laws for authority.

The Turkey's Foot

(Continued from page 32)

Dan, their fishing rods over their shoulders, their lunches in their pockets, and their bait cans in their hands, started out for Humboldt River. Chet was at home in the woods and knew practically every turn; but everything was delightfully new to Dan, who marveled at the big eagle soaring heavenward with wide-spread wings, and doubled up with laughter at the sight of an ungainly, long-billed crane standing on one foot. It was about nine o'clock when they reached the boathouse, a rude log structure built as a shelter for the Gregg's swift little cutter. Chet was an expert at the oars and it was not long until they reached their destination, Willow Point. Chet tied the boat to a stump and let it drift out a bit.

"There's likely to be black bass around here," he remarked as he baited his hook. "They usually run in schools round deep places like this."

Dan in eager expectation threw out his line.

"Here, Dan, you'll have to fish deeper than that. Black bass are sly little fellows that like deep, cool places."

Dan slipped the cork a bit higher on his line and threw out again. Suddenly the cork floating on the crest of the water, wobbled, went down, and started off like a flash.

But for books, language and even the imagination would be very narrowly limited. There would be the same "confusion of tongues" as that which exists among small primitive tribes in the jungles of Africa where one man thinks but little and cannot convey this little to another from a village a few miles away. With such a handicap added to that of distance, how little would we know of our fellow men — for we may not go to everyman's door nor eat at everyman's table.

But for books, life itself would be mean, narrow and very short; with books the world's wisdom is at hand and one may travel in many worlds, understand with the knowledge of many men, and within his short threescore years and ten — live for centuries.

THE BEACON is published weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June by THE BEACON PRESS, INC., 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. Distributed also at 299 Madison Ave., New York City; 105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago; 612 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco.

Single subscription, 60 cents.

School subscription, 50 cents.

Entered at the Boston Post-Office as second-class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on September 13, 1913.

Printed in U. S. A.

"Pull in, Dan, pull in!" Chet shouted. Wild with excitement, Dan pulled in what seemed to him to be a whale. It was a shimmering, flopping black bass, — a three pounder!

That was merely the beginning of the boys' luck. By three o'clock in the afternoon they had a string that would have been the pride or envy of any sportsman. Dan was not ready to go home, but the bait was gone so there was little else to do.

"Let's take the upper trail," Chet suggested. "It's a little harder to travel because of the hills, but it isn't so far."

"Any way suits me just so we get back to the house in a hurry and get some of these into the frying pan," Dan agreed, looking down with honest pride at the fish they carried between them.

The day was a rather warm one for September and the boys, trudging homeward through the thick woods, grew hot and tired. Dan had worn a blister on his heel which made every step painful.

"Why can't we go straight down instead of going this roundabout way?" Dan queried as Chet started to circle a hill.

"We can't very well, there's a sharp cliff at the foot."

"I see; but look! There's an old fallen tree that would make solid footing. I believe I could swing down from the cliff and touch it with my toes."



THE BOOKSHELF

MAKESHIFT FARM

"Makeshift Farm" they called it when they first had to leave their home in Chicago to make the best of things on the old farm. But what a jolly place it turned out to be for this old-fashioned family: father who wrote books that wouldn't sell; mother whom they called the Princess; and the six children — Zack, Enley, Deedah, Wendo, Treachy, and the baby who always came toddling along on her plump little legs — yards behind the rest.

They all shared the household tasks, helped each other to gather the vegetables and fruits from the garden, and made fun of the work in the barn. But the summer had many sunny hours for sport besides — for swimming and sailing and for picnicking in the great woods close by. And there were those quiet hours when, wide-eyed, they all sat around to listen to the tales of cowboys and Indians that "Old Hunter" told them.

Then an interesting mystery offers itself and the young folks seize the opportunity for some clever detective work relating to the family ownership of lands in Chicago. In the end, the family fortunes are regained and they return to Chicago — but, my! how Deedah hates to leave the spready apple tree where she wrote all her poems, how much Zack and Enley wish they could take Shelley the horse, and Boofer Lady, the catboat, back home with them; they all have learned to love "Makeshift Farm," the scene of so many happy times together.

MAKESHIFT FARM, by Hildegard Hawthorne. D. Appleton & Co., New York City. Price \$1.75.

Dan forged bravely forward. Chet followed in his footsteps.

"Don't try it, Dan; you're likely to get hurt."

"Aw, come on, Chet," the other persuaded; but when finally they reached the cliff the descent did look rather dangerous. There was in Dan, however, something of Viking blood, and he would not go back. He handed Chet the string of fish and cautiously picked his way to the very edge of the cliff. Grasping his hands tightly around a jutting of rock he let his feet swing downward. He could not quite touch the boughs of the fallen tree with his toes. Neither could he raise his weight to scale again the rocky side of the cliff. He must drop. The boughs below him were something like a foot beneath his feet. If he dropped very carefully perhaps — ? He let go and went down. His feet touched the boughs, but the tree had long lain in the

weather. There was a loud snapping and cracking of dead limbs and a cry from Dan as he plunged downward.

Chet crept nearer the edge and looked down. What he saw made him feel sick. Far beneath him lay Dan flat on his back. Nor was that all. He was very, very white and motionless. Chet forgot for a time his extreme weariness. There was only one way in which to reach Dan and that was three quarters of a mile in length. He broke into a run, forging his way through the heavy undergrowth of pokeberries, nettles, hazel brush, and grapevines. Never before had the distance seemed so great. Hot and breathless he arrived upon the scene. He found Dan sitting upright in a little hollow far beneath the level of the ground. Chet gave a glad cry at sight of him.

"You aren't hurt?" he cried.

"I don't think so; but tell me, Chet, how did I happen to fall so far?"

Chet picked his way down to Dan. "There's something funny about this," he remarked. "I never knew there was such a big hole here, and I thought I knew every foot of the woods." He began to look about carefully. "Look, Dan, at that big hole in the earth. There, don't you see it right behind that big cottonwood limb. It—why—it looks like the entrance to a cave!"

Dan's interest was immediately aroused. "A cave!" he ejaculated, struggling to arise. He was weak and shaken from his fall, but his love of adventure spurred him on and seemed to give him renewed strength.

"Let's—let's go in!"

"All right, in a minute. First I'm going to pull this bough out of the way," Chet replied as he gave the offending limb a tremendous tug. There was a snapping and a cracking as it fell to the earth with a bound, disclosing to better view a wide, dark gap in the earth. The boys started to enter. Chet's foot struck something hard and he stopped. An instant later he was digging down in the earth with a stick.

"Um—nothing but a rock," he said in disgust. Then, as he looked closer: "Look, Dan, what queer marks on it. Do you suppose it could be an Indian sign of some kind? It looks a little like a turkey's foot."

"A turkey's foot!" Dan's voice was full of excited interest. "Didn't Timber Jo tell your great-grandfather something about a turkey's foot? Do you suppose he could have meant this?"

"I wonder!" Chet's voice too was eager.

Cautiously the boys entered. They found a room which appeared to be very



THE FAIRY RING

By ALICE L. CANFIELD

There's a fairy ring by the Sunset Rock.
On Midsummer Eve the fairies lock
Arms and dance in the elfin ring.

Back and forth on gossamer wing
High!—low!—they float and swing,
All Midsummer night
Till the dawn's pale light,
High!—low!—they float and swing.

The moss lies soft 'neath their fairy tread,
High!—low! they float and swing.
Silken leaves whisper overhead—
Listen, what are they whispering?
Long ago in the World's gray dawn
(Wind, blow soft over weary eyes!)
They danced together—fairy and faun,
Nymph and pixy and leprechaun—
(Star-shine, glitter when shadow lies
Dappling the green of the dusky lawn.)
Stand on tiptoe, laddie, and look,
Little lad that the fairies love—
Look! Look!
Down by the brook,
Past the dark pines that tower above,
Look at the fairy ring!
Look where they float and swing.

That is the song of the whispering leaves,
Where the black boughs slash the sky,
Till the faint dawn garners its silver
sheaves

The aspens shiver, the soft winds sigh;
The fairy troop flutters—it's vanishing—
Vanishing—

Fare you well, laddie! Goodby, goodby!

big and dark under the uncertain rays of Chet's pocket flashlight. Once when he circled the cave with the light, Dan caught at his arm.

"Chet! I saw something bright—like eyes! Could it be a bear?"

"I hardly think so; they aren't common around here."

There was a rushing sound and both boys stepped back while the owner of the eyes, a very much frightened rabbit, skipped by.

Dan sat down weakly. "I thought it was something big," he confessed with a shaky laugh. Then: "Look here; what is this I'm sitting on?"

They both looked. It was a huge rectangular rock, or rather two rocks piled one on top of the other. On the upper rock were strange symbols which neither could decipher.

"Let's see if there are any more turkey feet on it," Dan suggested as he tugged at the rock. Chet assisted him and after much tugging and sweating the upper and lighter one of the two rocks gave way. The re-

maining one was hewn out to form a box-like recess. Within lay a number of articles which Dan could not quite distinguish.

In an instant Chet was down on his knees, "Wampum!" he cried, picking up a handful of beads and shells. "Dan, this is Indian money. That isn't all either. Look at the arrowheads and the tomahawks! Wouldn't the old curio dealer down in Pepperton pay a pretty sum for these?"

"What's this?" Dan asked as he fished a yellowed roll of paper from one corner.

Chet took it, read it, and uttered a yell that was equal to an Indian war whoop. "Dan, old boy, this is the paper the Government gave to Timber Jo when it granted him Humboldt woods. This will square things all right now. We can sell a strip of land and I can go back to Pepperton with you and—"

Dan was staring at him. "Weren't you going back to the Academy?" he asked.

"I didn't think I could; but now I'm sure I'm going."

Dan's face broke into a grin. "Say, Chet, I'm glad I went down the cliff! If I hadn't—well, what would Shorty and Chub and I do at Pepperton without you?"

A Generous Milkman

WHEN little Bennie brought the milk in off the front porch one cold morning he found a pillar of the frozen liquid sticking out of the bottle.

"Oh, Mamma," he cried, "I like our new milkman!"

"Is that so?" asked the mother. "Why?"

Showing her the bottle, Bennie exclaimed: "Our old milkman barely filled the bottle, but this one heaps it up!"



CASTINE, MAINE.

Dear Editor:—I would like to become a member of The Beacon Club and wear the pin.

I go to the Unitarian Church at Castine. My minister's name is Rev. Mueller and my teacher's name is Mrs. Clements.

I read *The Beacon* every Sunday. I like it very much.

I like *The Beacon* much better this year than I did last year.

I am ten years old and in the sixth grade at school.

I would like to have some girls of my age write to me.

Your friend,

MARGARET E. HALL.

410 WEST END AVENUE,
NEW YORK CITY.

Dear Editor:—I have been reading *The Beacon* for a very long time, and I like it very much.

I am eleven years old and I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club.

Is there going to be a Radio Section in *The Beacon*? There was once an article on radios and once a story about them.

I would like to know if there is going to be any more.

Yours very truly,

CHARLES LAMSON BLANEY.

87 PROSPECT ST.,
FITCHBURG, MASS.

Dear Editor:—I am enclosing ten twisted rivers. The answers are opposite each river. I hope you will accept these.

I enjoy reading *The Beacon* and I correspond with Elizabeth Phalen. I have also written to Thais DeTransehe. I am twelve years old.

I am enclosing a two-cent stamp for another Beacon Button, if I may have one.

Your friend,

LOUISE NICHOLS.

6 LARCH AVE.,
TROY, N. Y.

My dear Editor:—I belong to All Souls' Unitarian Sunday school. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday and enjoy it very much.

I should like to have one of the Beacon pins.

I am eleven years old. My Sunday school teacher's name is Mrs. Gerry.

Yours truly,

JESSIE NOLLER.

Dear Cubs:—The winning contribution for this week is "Lament," by Anna Rothstein. Perhaps you will be sympathetic readers.

YE BEACON CLUB EDITOR.

Lament

BY ANNA ROTHSTEIN (AGE 10)

I think that life has a mistake;
I have to go to school,
I wish I did not have to go,
But then it is the rule.

There is a subject I dislike,
And it's arithmetic,
And when I see it written down,
It almost makes me sick.

But I suppose I have to go,
The teacher gave me a warning,
She said that if I did not come,
That there'd be war in the morning.

The Life of a Tin Can

BY LOUISE MARSHALL (AGE 14)

CHAPTER II

From the train I was sent to a small country store. I was unpacked and put in a row with the other cans on a high shelf. One day a lady came to the store and bought me. She took me home with her in her basket with other articles. When she reached her home she set me on the table and there, with a sharp can opener, she cut one of my ends from me. She turned out the nice red tomatoes and put them into a dish. Then a child came along and picked me up and threw me out of the door. How badly I felt to think I should be of no more use! As I was lying on the ground two boys saw me and one picked me up. They took me home and filled me with worms for fishing bait. I did not like the feeling of the worms but I was thankful I was being used for something, if only for fishing.

(To be continued)

181 RIVER ST., REAR,
FITCHBURG, MASS.

Dear Editor:—I am well and hope you are too. I am twelve years old. I have been going to the Unitarian Church for three years. I am in the fifth grade. My teacher is Miss Chase.

Yours truly,

ALBERT H. BARBER.

Hidden Girls' Names

1. I am younger than nearly all my friends.
2. Should the comma be left out of this sentence?
3. I bought the table on or about the tenth of the month.
4. "I am a young man yet," he sternly said.
5. Is that piece of jade liable to be sold?
6. I saw the squirrel drag nests and small birds from the tree.
7. The hero seldom had gold or cash of any kind.
8. That bit of bric-a-brac helps to fill the shelf.
9. He made various noises, some of them audible far away.
10. I will pass my tests in grammar, I am sure.

A Letter Exchange

When a game of anagrams was dropped on the floor a girl picked up the letters P P P P E E E N, and a boy picked up the letters H I I L L O. He gave her two of his letters and she gave him two of hers. Then they found that by shuffling and rearranging their respective shares the boy could spell his first name and the girl could spell hers. What letters did they exchange and what were the names?

Cross-Word Puzzle Solution

